

# Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1836.

NUMBER 44

**OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
**GEORGE W. MILLETT.**  
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—  
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.—  
Two dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the  
option of the Publisher.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms,  
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in  
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.  
CONVEYANCES, and LETTERS on business must be  
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

## MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

From the Knickerbocker.  
The spirit of the Tempest shook  
His wings of raven hue  
Above the sea, and hollow winds  
Howled o'er the waters blue.  
Up rose the mountain billows high,  
And swept a stormy path;  
Darkness and terror mingled there  
Their ministry of wrath.  
A lonely bark, by bounding seas  
Tossed wildly to and fro,  
Dashed o'er the billows fuming high  
To fearful depths below.  
Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spars,  
Broke o'er the leaping side,  
And left the bark a shattered wreck,  
The stormy waves to ride.  
The stormy sea struggled hard  
To hold the yielding helm,  
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,  
That threatened to overwhelm  
And when the plowing rump spurned  
Their impatient rant,  
They flew to drown their fears  
In the accursed bawl.  
Upon the raging ocean then  
Helpless was left the bark  
To the wild merriment of the waves,  
Amidst the tempest dark.  
Upon the deck, alone, there stood  
A man of courage high;  
A hero, from whose bosom four  
Had never drawn a sigh.  
With folded arms, erect he stood,  
His countenance was mild,  
And calmly gazing on the scene,  
He bowed his head and smiled.  
A wild shriek from the cabin rose—  
Up rushed his faithful crew,  
With looks of horror, and in terror,  
She trembled at his side.  
"O why, my love, upon thy face  
She said, "O why, my love, upon thy face,  
When all is gloom and terror here,  
And I must weep the while?"  
No word the warrior said—he but  
Drew from beneath his coat  
A pistol bright, and placed it on the point  
Against her heaving breast.  
She started, and, in terror, died,  
As she had shrieked before,  
But death, unmolested, and unmoved,  
His tranquil features o'er.  
"Now why," he asked, "didst thou not start?  
May not thy blood be spilt?  
With sweet companionship thy life,  
My husband holds the gift!"  
"Dost wonder, then, that I am calm?  
That shakes not my firm form?  
I never saw the while I know  
My God direct the storm!"

## THE NEWS-MAKER.

All that a newspaper contains, and the various tastes it is  
said to gratify, its wonderful diffusion of information, and the  
rapidity with which it is conveyed, are fully described by the  
poet Crabbe, from the last list on at whose name we select  
the following account of the brief abstract and epitome of the  
day.

"Lo! where it comes a-bore the cheerful fire,  
Damps from the press in smoky curls arise,  
As from the earth the sun exhales the dew,  
(Ere we can read the wonders that ensue)  
Then eager every eye surveys the part,  
That shakes us in the subject to the heart;  
Grave politicians look for facts above,  
And gravely add conjectures of their own;  
The sprightly youth, who never looks his rest,  
For a stirring story, or a lively tale,  
Finds faults and faults, but neglects the rest,  
For songs and tales, a lullaby, or a ballad;  
The keen, warm man o'erlooks such idle tales,  
For 'Monks and nuns,' and 'Estates on Sale';  
While some with equal mind to all attend,  
Pleas'd with each part, and grieved to find an end.  
To this all readers turn, and they can look  
Press'd on a paper, who admit a book;  
Those who never deigned their Bible to peruse,  
Would think it hard to be denied their news;  
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,  
Here mingle tastes, and find amusement seek;  
This, like the public man, provides a treat,  
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;  
And such this mental food, as we may call  
Something to all men, and to some men all.

## AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A few years ago, towards the dusk of evening,  
a stranger in a travelling sulky was leisurely  
pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situ-  
ated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the  
western states. A little in advance of him, a  
negro, returning from plough, was singing the  
favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Giv'n down to shun-bone ally,  
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with "Hallo!—uncle!  
—you!" "snow-bull?"  
"Sah?" said blacky, holding up his hos-  
ses.  
"Is that the Half-way House ahead yon-  
der?"

"No sah, dat Massa Billy Lemon's Otel!"

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah,—you know Massa Billy? he used  
to lib at de mouf o' Cedar crick—he done move  
now do—keeps monsons nice tavun now, I tell  
you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sah; you stop dah dis ebenin I spee;  
all respectable gentlemen put up dah. You chaw  
backah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real Cavendish for  
you."

"Tankee, massa, tankee sah; Quash my  
name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah, at your service. Och," grunted  
the delighted African, "dis is nice; he better an  
green ribber; tankee, sah, tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is  
Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice man, sah, monsons nice man;—  
emportin gempelen in de fus stile, and I take  
care of de houses. I longs to him, and do I  
say it, Mas Billa mighty clobber man;—he funny  
too—tell heep o' stories bout gosses, and  
sperits, notwithstandin he fraid on'em, he sef do,  
my pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller,  
musing. "Well go ahead Mr. Quash; as it is  
getting late, I'll tarry with this Mr. Lemon to-  
night."

"Yes, sah; goe up hoo! go long lively!" and  
setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the trav-  
eller, the musical Quash again broke out in

"Giv'n down to shun-bone ally—"

The burthen "Long time ago" was taken up  
by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-  
field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his  
ears with some surprise; he continued however  
with

"Dah I meet ole Johnny Gladden."

And the same voice again responded from  
the field

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, check-  
ing suddenly his horses and looking round on  
every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snow-bull,  
it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, lead the  
way to the tavern without uttering another word.  
Halting before the door, the stranger was very  
soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon,  
a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his  
customer with

"Light, sir, light,—here, John! Quash!—  
never mind your umbrella, sir,—here, Quash,  
take off that rug—give me your whip, sir,—take  
off that trunk—walk in, sir,—John, take out  
that chair box—come sir—and carry this horse  
to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a  
dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir; he's rather particular  
about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and  
tend to him well—I always like to see horses  
well tended, and this is a noble critter, too,"  
continued the landlord, slapping him on the  
back.

"None of your familiarity," said the horse,  
looking spitefully around at the astonished tav-  
ern keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub," said the traveller, car-  
cassing the animal; and turning to the landlord,  
he observed—"You must excuse him, sir, he's  
rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of edu-  
cation, sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo-ho, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash;  
what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

"Come landlord," said Belzebub, "I want my  
 oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up in-  
to the porch, and the traveller was fain to  
jump into his vehicle and drive round in search  
of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his  
satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned  
to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all ap-  
parently young chickens in them—the landlord  
was in confusion at such a mortifying circum-  
stance, and promised the traveller amends from  
a cold pig which he inserted the carving  
knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which  
was responded to by a louder one from the land-  
lady. Down went the knife and fork, and the  
cold perspiration began to grow in large beads  
upon the forehead of the poor landlord as he  
stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his atten-  
tion was soon taken, however, by voices from  
without, calling—

"Hillo! house! landlord!"

"Aye, aye; coming, gentlemen—more trav-  
ellers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen—here, John, a light—  
bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the  
gentleman,—and out the landlord bounced, fol-  
lowed by John with lights; but soon returned  
with a look of disappointment; he declared  
there was no living being without. The voices  
called again; and the landlord after going out  
returned a second time declaring his belief that  
the whole plantation was haunted that night by  
evil spirits.

The stranger presently arose from the table  
and drew his chair to the fire, having made a  
pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young  
porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor said Mr. Billy Lemon  
slept with the Bible under his head, and kept a  
candle burning in his chamber till morning; and  
those who pass there, to this day, may upon  
close examination discover the heels of old  
horse shoes peering above the door casement,  
as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all  
other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in  
the morning, mine host proceeded to make out  
his bill—

"Mr. J. S. Kenworthy,  
To William Lemon, Dr., &c. &c."

The same Mr. Kenworthy, was recently a  
passenger on board the steamboat Columbia,  
from Norfolk to Washington City, when the vi-  
olent altercation took place in one of the berths,  
between three or four different individuals, for  
precedence. He is said to be something of a  
vag, and whilst one of the most accomplished  
Ventriiloquists of the present day.—*Norfolk  
Beacon.*

## A POLITE SEA ROBBER.

We often read of extremely polite and gen-  
tlemenly highwaymen, who rob with such mar-  
vellous courtesy, that a man can hardly feel it  
in his heart to withhold his purse, or ought his  
goods and chattels that he may chance to have  
about him. But it is quite otherwise with your  
sea robbers, *alias* pirates, who are represented  
as a most brutal and unfeeling set, who have not  
the least dash of politeness about them, to re-  
deem their characters from unmitigated odium.  
Such being their general reputation, it is with  
no slight feeling of relief that we read the ac-  
count of so polished and courteous a villain, as  
the one described below. It is extracted from  
the "Adventurers of a Wanderer." He had  
shipped at New Orleans, on board of the Gov-  
ernor Griswold, bound to Havana and Liver-  
pool, as steward.

We got (says he) under way, and proceeded  
down the river until we came to a place called  
the English Turn, where a boat, manned by  
twelve or fourteen men, came off from the shore,  
and when they had arrived within hail, they  
called to us, and asked if we wanted a pilot.—  
The captain answered, "No;" whereupon, the  
man in the stern of the boat ordered one of the  
men to throw him a rope. The rope was then  
handed him, and it being made fast to the boat  
he came alongside. He ascended the ladder,  
and came on board with all his men excepting  
four, who remained in the boat. The captain  
of the *Nesperdoes* was a tall man, dark com-  
plexioned, terrible in aspect. His eyes were  
black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman,  
and he wore a huge pair of sable moustachios.—  
His men were a ferocious looking band, hardy  
and sun burnt. He saluted the captain in a  
courteous manner, and was profuse in compli-  
ments.

His men, who wore long, red Indian stock-  
ings, red caps, and were armed with pistols and  
knives, sauntered carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where  
he was bound; he answered correctly, "To  
Liverpool, via Havana."

Our captain then cut short our interrogation  
of the pirate, by saying, "I know your busi-  
ness."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and asked  
them what sort of usage they had received  
since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little  
gro."

The pirate then called for the steward. I  
made my appearance. "Have you plenty of  
gro on board?" inquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that  
bucket, for the men to drink." I took up the  
bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the  
cabin, and filled it with liquor. I then took it  
forward to the fore-cabin, where the men received  
it and conveyed it below. As soon as the  
crew had got below, and were assembled ar-  
round the bucket, the pirate placed two of his  
men upon the scuttle to prevent any of the crew  
from coming on deck, while he with two of his  
gang stuck close to the captain and mate.

"Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down  
and invite all your passengers to come on deck."  
I did as I was ordered. Our passengers were  
a lady and two small children, and a gentleman  
who had been engaged in teaching a school in  
New Orleans, but having received a letter pur-  
porting that the death of a near relation had left  
him heir to a large fortune, and embarked for  
his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck. The lady was  
much frightened, but the pirate told her to  
be under no apprehension, soothed her with  
language which would not have disgraced the  
court of Great Britain. The pirate now gave  
orders to bring up the gentleman's trunk.

The trunk was laid at his feet. "Now," said he,  
"bring up the captain and mate's property."

They also were produced.

He then proceeded to overhaul the captain's  
trunk, which contained he is "no great shakes."

"Captain, you have a very poor kit," said  
he, with a scornful smile.

The pirate then examined the passenger's  
trunk. It contained about four hundred and  
forty dollars in specie. In rumaging the trunk  
the pirate fell in with a letter containing the in-  
formation in respect to the fortune which had  
been left the passenger. This letter the pirate  
read, and giving a significant glance at the for-  
tunate man whose direction it bore folded it up  
carefully and laid it down.

He then turned to the captain, and asked him  
if the man had paid his passage. "No," an-  
swered the captain. "How much does his pas-  
sage cost?" inquired the pirate. "Two hun-  
dred and twenty dollars," replied the captain.  
"That you must lose," said the pirate.

Then turning to the passenger—"You," said  
he, "I will treat fairly! You will want," con-  
tinued the pirate, when you arrive in Liverpool,  
two dollars to pay the porter for carrying your  
trunk?" he laid down the money; "your pas-  
sage to London will cost you £2 10s; I  
counted it out and placed it with the two dol-  
lars; your dinner will come to five shillings  
more, and you may want £2 more to treat  
some of your friends," he laid down the money  
with the rest, "and for fear that will not be  
sufficient, here are twenty five dollars more."

He presented the amount of these several items  
to the passenger, gave the remainder to one of  
his gang, and told him to pass it into the boat.  
He then very courteously asked the time of day.

"The captain pulled out a fine watch, and an-  
swered that it was half past three. "Your  
watch takes my fancy mightily," said the pirate  
and taking it from the captain, he put it into his  
fob with great nonchalance, and walked away to  
the fore-cabin. "Come up here two of you  
that are sober," said he. Two of them stum-  
bled up, and the rest came reeling after.

"Go down into the cabin, and bring me up  
all the small arms you can find," said the pi-  
rate. The two first sailors went down, and  
soon returned with an old fowling piece and a  
pair of pistols.

"Now," said he, turning to the sailors, "if any  
of you boys, wish to change your situation for  
better pay and a shorter passage, I will give you  
a chance; for rent I'm after, and rent I'll have!  
But stop!" cried he, "this lady I had almost  
forgotten; come here, madam, and let me hear  
a little of your worldly concerns."

She immediately commenced an eloquent  
harrange, accompanied with tears. She had  
gone on for some time in this manner, when  
the pirate immediately cried, "Avast! avast!—  
there, that's enough, I'd sooner face the bat-  
tery of ninety eight, than stem the torrent of  
female eloquence!"

He then ordered some brandy for himself &  
his men.

The liquor was brought; I poured out a glass  
full for him, when he said, "Stop! captain just  
be so good as to drink this off yourself! after  
you are manners. I don't know what you Yan-  
kee inventors may have put into this liquor.—  
You may have thrown an opium in the cup."  
The captain drank it off readily. The pirate  
eyed the captain closely for a few moments, &  
then said to his followers, "Come, my boys, we  
may venture," and the decanter was soon drain-  
ed of its contents. The pirate then pointed to  
the main top, and requested the captain to take  
a walk up that way. "And you Mr. Mate,"  
said he, "begin to travel up the fore-rigging.—  
But mind!" said he, "stop when I tell you!"  
The captain and mate had proceeded half way  
up the lower rigging, when he summoned them  
to halt. The captain was about stepping upon  
the next ratting, when the pirate again hailed  
him. "If you stir an inch backward or for-  
ward," said he, "you will come down faster  
than you went up." The captain looked down  
saw several pistols levelled against him, ready  
to be discharged on the instant. He then re-  
mained stationary.

Then the pirate taking off his cap addressed  
the passengers. He told them he was once  
pilot himself, and therefore knew how to sym-  
pathize with persons in distress. He hoped  
they would be grateful for the lenity which he  
had shown them, and then wishing them a pleas-  
ant voyage, he stepped over the side into his  
boat, and was soon lost to our view beneath the  
foliage of the thick underwood which lined the  
shore and hung over the green wave.

## FROM THE CANNIBAL RECORDED.

**A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.**  
Banners on high, and latitudes passed below,  
But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shrouded dust ere now,  
And the black battlements shall bear no future blow.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the year 1755,  
that the army of General Abercrombie embarked on their  
ill-fated expedition to Ticonderoga: one thousand and  
thirty-five boats received as gallant an army as was ever  
marshalled in the colonies. As far as the eye could  
reach, Lake George was covered with boats, from each  
of which floated the crimson folds of the ensign of Brit-  
ain, and the thrilling tones of the bugle swept over the  
surface of the lake, awakening noble aspirations in the  
bosoms of the soldiers, and giving life and animation to  
this magnificent sight. It was truly a splendid specta-  
cle. Hardly a breath of wind disturbed the diamond  
like surface of the lake, while the gentle waving of  
plumes and the flash of steel, gave an appearance of im-  
mense to the scene. There were many brave spirits engag-  
ed in this expedition, who in the buoyance of youth  
shouted with joy as they rose from their seats and took  
a view of the immense flotilla in their rear, as it shot  
now one way and then another, while the uniforms of  
the soldiery glittered in the rays of an unclouded sun.  
The army of Abercrombie was composed of nearly 10,

000 men, 9,000 of whom were provincials, and to this  
formidable force was added a fine park of artillery, with  
all the accoutrements of war; never did an army set  
out under better auspices, or with greater advantages.  
The object of the expedition was to reduce the fortress of  
Ticonderoga, built by the French in 1756, and situated  
about 200 feet above the waters of Champlain in a com-  
manding position, and garrisoned by an army of 5,000  
Frenchmen, who, aware of the importance of this for-  
tress as a key to the whole of Canada, had made it al-  
most impregnable.

But to return. The first boat of this immense fleet  
contained General Abercrombie and suite, the flower of  
the English army. He listened smilingly to the remarks  
of his young officers, who with their golden epaulets  
and scarlet dresses almost concealed him from view.—  
But there was one among their number to whom he paid  
marked attention. It was the young but brave Lord  
Howe, who for the first time had entered the arena of  
military fame; and who early fell in the cause which he  
so nobly espoused. The fleet arrived at a point about  
three miles south of Ticonderoga near sun down; and  
the heavy but distant roar of artillery from the fortress,  
proclaimed that the French were ready to give their en-  
emy a warm reception. The tents were soon pitched,  
sentinels placed, and the whole army, wearied with the  
labor of the last twelve hours, sunk into a state of pro-  
found repose. The officers generally had retired early,  
rejoicing no doubt, at this short cessation from the tur-  
moil of the day. But in the tent of the commander-in-  
chief none were asleep. At the head of a table upon  
which a naked sabre and a pair of highly polished pis-  
tols lay, sat Abercrombie—his features betrayed the in-  
ward workings of his spirit; and his brow wrinkled by  
a thousand cares. His principal officers were around  
him in full uniform, while the brilliant light of a lamp  
shone upon their rich dresses with singular effect.

There was something awful in the stillness of the hour,  
interrupted only by the booming heavy sound that came  
from the direction of Ticonderoga. Anxiety was depict-  
ed on the countenance of all the officers who surrounded  
their veteran commander; and the doubtful issue of the  
expedition upon which they had embarked, tended to  
increase their perplexity. Abercrombie for some time  
remained silent with his face buried in his hands as if  
in deep anguish. Then looking around on the chival-  
rous band of officers who with erect forms, and stern  
countenances stood like marble statues, he spoke, "Lord  
Howe, I have need of your services—are they at my  
command?" The young nobleman bowed assent.

"Let the remainder keep strict watch in my absence."  
And without further ceremony the two officers pushed  
their way through the astonished band and took the di-  
rection of Ticonderoga. Sentinels after sentinels  
passed; and the rattling of their muskets gave sure token  
of their knowledge of the presence of their superiors as  
they rendered the customary mark of respect.

The night was extremely beautiful—the moon poured  
a flood of light upon the calm placid waters of the lake,  
while the snow-white canvass of the soldiers tents, with  
the loud "all's well" of the sentinels echoing from hill  
to valley, added a charm to a scene peculiarly beautiful  
in itself. The two officers hurried along with great ra-  
pidity, unimpeded of either the charms of the evening,  
or the fear of the fall produced by the creek which con-  
nects the waters of Lake George with those of Cham-  
plain. They soon reached a level plain in the rear of  
the fortress, and here prudence compelled them to pause.

Before them was that celebrated fortress whose frow-  
ning battlements seemed to bid defiance to human assault.  
defended as it was in front by a shelving precipice, the  
base of which was washed by the waters of Lake Cham-  
plain; and fortified the rear by every thing that the skill  
or ingenuity of man could invent. The French guards  
along its massive walls, their polished arms glistening  
in the moon beams, while to pass away the lonely hours  
they either hummed some martial ditty, or gazed upon  
the beautiful sheet of water almost immediately under  
their feet. Lord Howe started, when one, as if warned  
of danger, turned his attention to the spot where Aber-  
crombie and himself had taken their position, but he ga-  
zed only for an instant and with shouldered arms resum-  
ed his measured tread as if satisfied with the result of  
his investigation.

While the two officers were examining the weakest  
part of this stupendous fortress in order that they might  
accomplish its overthrow with ease, an Indian sprung  
from a tall sycamore directly in front of the Brit-  
ish officers. Abercrombie laid his hand upon the hilt of  
his sword, but Howe immediately recognized the Indian  
as a Huron chief whose title was at that period in close  
alliance with the English. "Is my brother a fool," said  
the Huron, with that bitter sarcasm which is so peculiar  
to the Indian, "that he stalks under the walls of Ticon-  
deroga like an owl?" Abercrombie smiled and was about  
to reply, when he felt the hand of the Indian chief grasp  
his arm, and raised it towards the extreme part of the  
fortress. The eye of Howe followed its direction; and  
suddenly the sally port gate was thrown open and a  
French regiment swept with full speed toward the camp  
of the English. Howe returned to the camp with hasty  
steps but the Huron waved him back with his hand.—

"Is my brother a deer that he can equal the Frenchmen  
in a race. My people are in the valley below let me  
send forth the cry of revenge." He put his hand to his  
mouth and the shrill war whoop rose upon the midnight  
air, and received a loud response from an hundred voices  
from the valley below. The artillery of Ticonderoga  
sent forth a sheet of flame toward the spot where Aber-  
crombie, spell bound, rested on his sword; another vol-  
ley would have been fatal, had not the Huron al-  
most in the distance, "Let the footsteps of my brother  
be quick, or the bones of his men will bleach in the val-  
ley."

The Indian instantly plunged into a deep ravine fol-  
lowed closely by the English officers who were compel-  
led to exert their utmost powers to keep near him, so  
rapid were his movements, it was one wild scene of con-  
fusion almost beggaring description. Some were under  
arms and ready for defence—others entirely defenceless,  
were shot down by the incessant rattling fire of a num-  
ber of French; and the dark forms of the Huron war-  
riors flitted about, while the cracking of their rifles told  
that the midnight war-whoop of their chief had not been  
in vain. Abercrombie and Howe threw themselves in  
front of their terrified troops, and their presence and  
command soon restored order. "Stand firm brave Gren-  
adiers, doth, ready, charge." The rushing of the Gren-  
adiers against the French line soon decided the contest,  
—a shot rang against steel—the enemy's battalion, com-  
pletely overthrown, fled in dire confusion. The Hur-  
ons finished the victory by scaling their dead enemies,  
and driving the routed foe back to the fortress, which,  
as if conscious of the defeat, still vomited forth flames  
and smoke against an unseen foe.







Ullowell, Jan. 3, 1838. eplyze



## THE MALAYS.

Other places.—Boston Medical Journal.

Falmouth, April 20th, 1836

May, 1836. 41

Sandwich, October, 1835.

more distinct  
them ; but the n  
fore the hunter  
alarms and mov  
strength and ac  
their fight ; wh  
and defend the  
Audubon's par  
so exhausted, t  
it was led to t